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WHOPPERS

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 3

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EDITORIAL

History provides many examples of self-appointed censors who, having lacked the intelligence or background to judge works of art fairly, roused public sentiment in their favor and 'pressurized' legislators into banning books, films, paintings, and other artistic productions.

Back in 1806, for example, John Styles made public his 'wonderfully enlightened' views on William Shakespeare:

"Barefaced obscenities, low vulgarities and nauseous vice so frequently figure and pollute his pages that we cannot but regret the luckless hour he became a writer for the stage."

Fortunately, Styles was put in his place by the more informed among him, but what if he had not been? What if he had launched a successful crusade against the 'barefaced obscenities' of Shakespeare? How many countless individuals would have lost the opportunity to enjoy the dramatic masterpieces of this unquestionably great writer?

And *very real* examples of censorship are in the news today. A film is burned in Paris, France; a group of self-righteous censors get a book taken off library shelves in Cleveland, Ohio; an actor is prosecuted for his appearance in an allegedly 'obscene' movie in Memphis, Tennessee, etc.

And behind this are the self-righteous moral guardians—mostly sex-fearing fanatics who team up and often use lobbyists' tactics to get elected officials to 'see it their way'—especially around election time. They just love to tell everyone else how to live.

And only by raising *your* voice against them will you succeed in preserving your personal liberties. Write to your senators and congressmen and let them know that it's nobody's business but your own to decide what books you read, what films you see, and what sexual practices you endorse. If you don't, the censors will be more than happy to decide for you. . . .

LITERARY BOOBS

Whenever she's all alone with a lot of time on her hands, Helen doesn't just idly fiddle around. She's a gal with a lot of imagination, so what she does is go off with a good, sexy book!

Lowering his pants in front of the helpless, big breasted actress, he told her: "Now you'll suck my cock, you double-crossing cunt! You'll suck me off, or I'll beat you to a goddamn pulp!"

RAPE OF A SEX GODDESS

BY DEAN DEXTER

His passion for the stacked beauty and his desire to penetrate her flesh with his own blinded him to the fact that his lust could completely destroy him!

Fantasies! That's the sum and substance of what we in the motion picture industry have to sell. If one of our pictures becomes a box office hit, it is so because that film has somehow managed to transport its viewer into another world, a world in which he or she finds momentary solace from the troubles that plague his real life existence.

Sometimes those fantasies become reality. And when that happens, and those fantasies are visions of lust fulfilled, there can be disaster. I should know. It happened to me!

I was in the middle of contractual

negotiations for a leading role in a period piece I had agreed to produce for a major studio. The actress with whom I was having trouble was a well-known star who has been hitting the bottle for the past ten years. I just wanted to have her name on the marquee because, curiously, the fans still loved her enough to insure us of a fair box office on her name alone. She had taken one look at the low salary specified in the contract and told me I could go do something to a duck.

That's when Norman Frost came into my office. Norm and I were good friends dating back to the lean years when he and I were both fifteen years younger and eagerly trying to scratch out a living in Hollywood. I had started by writing and, like most of today's television and movie producers, parlayed that modest talent into an eventual crack at producing. Norm had always wanted to be a theatrical agent. And now he was. His offices handled some of Hollywood's top names. Our careers had risen parallel to each other's, and we were both happy for the other's good fortures.

After the banter and amenities, he got to the point—"I am here because I have someone waiting outside who is just right for the part your bottle-baby turned down."

'Who?"

"Susan Harper."

"Susan *who?* Listen, Norm, if you think I'm going to let you con me into using a complete unknown, you are out of your grapefruit."

"Look, Ken, you and I are friends, right? And we've been friends for over fifteen years, right?"

'So?"

"So this is the very first time I've ever asked you for a favor, pal. The least you can do is take a look at her. She's gorgeous. She's just right for the part, and . . . well, I'm really stuck on her."

Norm had managed to stay a bachelor in a town where beautiful girls literally threw themselves at him. I had to see the one who could get to him where all others had failed. "Okay, so bring her in."

Norm went into my receptionist's office and returned with Susan.

Susan *was* unbelievable!

She had symmetrically perfect legs, smoothly tapered thighs, a flat stomach, and a voice that was the husky caress of a woman murmuring to her lover. But, her breasts were the eye-stoppers. She wasn't wearing a brassiere. Her two firm cones of tanned flesh pushed out against the front of her see-through blouse as if begging to be seen and adored. There wasn't a man alive who wouldn't have been turned on by the sight of them!

After I had studied her figure for an embarrassingly long time, I took a good look at her face. Here, too, she was beyond comparison. Her long reddish-brown hair framed a sculptured oval face with deep-set green eyes peering out from behind sleepy eyelids. Those eyes seemed to smolder a promise of unbelievable carnality to whomever they happened to look upon. And, when she smiled, her sensually pouted lips parted to reveal teeth almost too perfect to be real. For that matter, *she* looked too perfect to be real! What's more, a reading proved she could act.

I put her in the picture (paying her considerably less money than I would have had to pay had Norm known how enthused about her I was) and the picture was instant success!

On the basis of the rushes from the first few days' shooting, the studio put Susan under contract. And, as though by a wave of the studio's magic wand, she was transformed into America's reigning sex symbol. He hair was tinted a shade lighter. Makeup experts highlighted her eyes and lips. Her wardrobe was the sexiest and most expensive available. Press agents by the score saw to it that her face and name made every newspaper and magazine in the country. And, like I said, by the time by picture was released, she was already famous enough to guarantee it a good box office.

But, by then, I wasn't interested in box office. I was interested in Susan. And she was interested in me. She'd have her publicity dates, affairs set up by the studio's publicists. Then, afterward, she's sneak over to my place.

One night we were driving somewhere along the Coast Highway north of Malibu. I was just drunk enough to tell her the truth. So, I stopped the car and told her that I loved her, that I'd felt that way since the first time I'd seen her.

I don't remember Susan's exact words. She just threw herself into my arms and told me she felt the same way, but had been afraid to say so because she didn't want to hurt our friend, Norm.

At that moment, there was nothing or nobody else in the world so important as my feelings for Susan. I asked her to marry me. She nodded her head. I turned the car aound and drove straight to Las Vegas.

We were married without heavy fanfare, though the ensuing publicity was enormous. When we got back to the studio Monday morning, Susan went to the set and I went to my office. The first thing I saw was Norm's note. *"You lousy bastard!"* it read. That was all. No signature. Nothing.

The picture was released a week later. And, for the next six months, Susan and I were busy going around the country ballyhooing it. By the time we got back to Hollywood, we were ready for a nice long vacation. Susan and I got up that morning and decided to sun a while in Honolulu. She started packing. I went to the office to tie up a few loose ends.

I returned late that afternoon. When I saw Norm's Cadillac El Dorado parked in my driveway, I thought he'd probably had a change of heart; that we were still friends after all.

I was two steps inside my living room when something slammed down against the back of my skull and knocked me unconscious!

When I came to, I was sprawled in one corner of the living room. Everything was fuzzy. My head felt as if a bunch of dwarfs were inside using my brains as bowling balls. A trickle of blood had run down the side of my head. I got to my hands and knees, still wondering what the hell had happened.

"Stay right there, *pal!"*

I looked up and saw Norm standing in front of me holding a snub-nosed revolver. I could even see the lead tips of the bullets inside each of the cylinder's round chambers. "Come on, Norm, what's the percentage in a stupid scene like this?"

"No percentage, pally. I'm just looking to get what's mine." A smile curved the corners of his tight mouth and died in the hollows of his cheeks. "I thought you might like to be here when I collected." He nodded in the direction of the bedroom.

That was when I saw Susan! Norm had spread-eagled her, tying her

wrists and ankles to each of the bed's four corners. She was stark naked.

Sobbing, she raised her head and looked at me. "He said he'd kill me if I didn't let him do this."

Norm reached into his jacket pocket and withdrew a roll of wide adhesive tape. "Lock your wrists behind your back, *pal!*" He aimed his revolver at my forehead.

I obeyed. He quickly taped my wrists together behind my back. Then, he straightened up. And began to kick my rib cage and back! I tried to curl up into a ball to give myself some form of protection. It wasn't much. The point of his shoe left nasty bruises all over my body.

When he finished, he was panting. "That's for taking Susan away from me!"

He went into the bedroom and placed his revolver on a small table beside the bed. Then, he began to take off his clothes. "You knew I loved you," he said, staring down at Susan's magnificent body. "Yet you dumped me as if I was garbage!"

He dropped his slacks and shorts and slowly unbuttoned his shirt. "I never even made a pass at you. I always figured we had plenty of time for that," he continued, his stare never leaving Susan's body. "Well, now it's time for old Norman to get what's coming to him."

Susan squirmed as much as possible as Norm knelt on the bed beside her and began to trail the end of his flaccid penis over the lush curves of her breasts.

I watched with wide-eyed horror as his huge flesh-pole became erect. I wanted to cry out, to call him every vile name I could think of, but I knew that wouldn't do any good. He had a gun. My wrists were taped behind my back. My wife was stripped and tied to the bed. Everything was in his favor. If I opened my mouth, he'd simply come over and slap it shut.

There was only one thing I could do: I had to get free of that adhesive tape! Somehow! There was no other way. No matter what, I had to get free!

Kneeling closer to Susan's head, Norm positioned himself so that his knees were on each side of her face. He lowered his shaft so that its glistening head was bumping against her wet lips. "Suck it, Susan!" he ordered.

Susan had her eyes shut tight. She shook her head.

Brutally, Norm backhanded her across the face. Once. Twice. And then a third time. "I'll beat you to a pulp, you double-crossing cunt!" he muttered, his lips curled tight against his teeth. "You suck my cock or I'll beat you to a goddamned pulp!"

Sobbing, my wife opened her mouth. Instantly, Norm raised further up against her chin and leaned forward to drop his thick meat into the warm, wet cavity.

Susan's cheeks hollowed and puffed out as she drew his cock in and out of her mouth. Norm's buttocks rose and fell with each stroke and withdrawl. He began to groan as he picked up the tempo of his thrusts. "Suck," he muttered. "Oh, baby, suck! Suck! *Suck!*"

Her lithe body shivered as her mouth drew him closer and closer toward climax. I could see that she was anxiously trying to end it as quickly as possible. Norm continued to thrust and pull back; with each stroke his balls slapped against her chin.

I continued to struggle against the tape on my wrists. Little by little, it broke away from my flesh and twisted and curled into strained bonds that no longer held me as immovable as before.

Suddenly, Norm let out a guttural yell. His entire body began to tremble. He dropped forward, covering all of Susan's face with his belly. "Suck it!" he groaned. "All of it, damn you!" She coughed as he began to squirt his semen into her mouth.

My wrists were raw and bleeding as I finally managed to rip free of the tape and jump to my feet. I ran toward the bedroom. And I managed to take four whole steps before Norm saw me!

He rolled off Susan and snatched the revolver off the night stand. Then, pointing it right at my guts, he said, "Here's where you get yours, *pal!*"

I stopped in mid-step. "Why, Norm? Why murder, too?"

He hammered back on the revolver. "Because you were my friend and you used that friendship to take away the one girl I ever loved!"

"He didn't use you," Susan said, straining up against her bonds, her face and neck wet with the semen she was still swallowing. "It wasn't his fault that we fell in love, Norm. Can't you see that?"

He looked at her and his eyes softened for just a moment at the sight of his seed between her lips.

I stepped toward him, holding my hand out. "Let's forget it, Norm. We were friends once. Let's start over again."

He looked at me incredulously. "I just face-fucked your wife . . ."

"We'll both forget it if you will," I said, taking another step. "Put the gun down. Okay?"

We were less than a foot apart. I reached for the weapon.

"Fuck you!" he said. This time, he was screaming.

I knew he was going to pull that trigger. So, I grabbed his wrist and stepped to one side. The shot went off. It sounded like a cannon. I squeezed Norm's wrist with one hand and tried to lock my other arm around his neck. He jerked backward, screaming as if all of the demons in Hell were poking their spears into his fevered brain.

I grabbed at his gun wrist with both hands, now. He fired a second shot. Then a third.

The fourth one didn't make as loud a noise as the first three. It was muffled because I had twisted Norm's wrist until the barrel of the snub-nose was pressed into his stomach!

He groaned and sank to his knees, dropping the revolver as he fell. I kicked the weapon across the floor. Then, heart broken, I knelt beside him and held his head in the crook of my arm. His eyes were peaceful again. He even had a little smile.

"I . . . I'm sorry, Norm," I said.

He nodded and drew in a deep breath. Blood started to bubble at the corners of his mouth. We both knew he was dying! "It's okay, pal," he said.

And then his head just flopped back.

"Goddamn!" I cursed, the tears suddenly streaming down my cheeks. "Goddamn it all!"

Susan and I went to his funeral. Afterward, she showed me a clipping from *Variety*. One of the columnists had praised Norm as one of the finest theatrical agents ever. He had finished the piece by calling Susan Harper one of Norm's greatest discoveries. I think Norm would have liked that. He'd have liked that a lot!

●●●

HORNY HANGOUT

Judy's second-story pad overlooks the harbor, so her hangout is a favorite with sailors. You might say that her upper deck is almost daily virtually awash with seamen!

Vanity Pair

Fiona is so vainly proud of the melons she grew, that she insists her dates dig into them for dessert no matter at what time of day they come!

Orgasmic Nipples

BY DAN BENNET

Most men think only about getting their hands and other things between a gal's legs. But the ladies also want some action on their upper decks!

"I'm so sick of these guys who come on with: 'Let's ball it, baby!' Then they grab my boobs and squeeze like they were testing the quality of a cantaloupe."

The speaker was a pretty 22-year-old blonde, Felice, who has a good job as an executive secretary with a large firm in Chicago.

"But not too long ago I met a nice guy, Frank, who really appreciates a girl and knows who to make her tick," said Felice.

"He's the only man I've ever met who really knew how to handle my boobs the way I love."

In contrast with Felice, there are some girls who lather their breasts with perfumed oil and massage them with wild abandon. Why? Because there's no guy around who will do it for them. While Americans are the most fetishistic boob-worshippers on earth and love looking at them, comparing them and making large-breasted actresses rich beyond their wildest dreams by paying to watch them, there are all too few who really know a girl's breasts as the wondrous instruments of pleasure they are. A few kisses, a cursory exploration of the babe's mammaries, and it's a wild grab for the chick's crotch.

Then, when her response is something less than the man wanted, he doesn't hesitate to tell her that he's had better in the balling department.

Every man should know that a girl's breasts are a dynamite collection of hundreds of nerve endings very close to the surface and as sensitive as a string on a Fender bass. Not only can these nerve endings electrify her mammaries, but send responses up and down her body. Some girls can bring themselves to orgasm simply by rubbing velvet or crepe over their nipples. Going braless can leave them in a perpetual state of arousal because of the friction of the blouse material, which is but one more benefit of the sexual revolution. Other girls have discovered a hidden bonus in breast-development exercises, which get the tissues all tingly and the blood bopping around fit to bust.

All of this is OK fun alone, a chick fondling her fondest whilst watching *The Dating Game*—but any girl would love it so much better if some man did it for her.

Most men are much too rough when it comes to stimulating a girl's breasts. Boobs bruise quickly and can't take any of the rough stuff that might rocket her into nirvana elsewhere. Light stroking, tender kisses and all kinds of mouthwork—assuring her, if she's small, that anything more than a mouthful is a waste, a line that might have been uttered by Adam to Eve before they got the boot from the Garden of Eden.

But the right kind of stimulation will take a girl through increasing waves of gratification, regardless of the size of her boobs. Size basically doesn't make any difference in degree of sensitivity to her. It may mean something to you—especially for in-between balling—but don't feel that a flatchested chick can't respond to your mammary caresses with the same intensity as her stacked-up sisters.

Tonguing her nipples and areolas is very groovy. Especially in a draft, as this allows cool air to play over her wet skin and drive her up the wall.

When it comes to lovemaking, the man who makes a quick grope at a girl's boobs, or up under her skirt, is likely to turn the chick "off."

Men who are considered to be good lovers—and most girls themselves—will tell you that the gradual approach in sexual relations is the most desired.

A man who gently and lovingly caresses a girl for a while before intercourse will heighten her responses far more than the man who barges in and makes a direct attack.

"There are several areas of the body that bring intense pleasure when stroked and caressed," said Dr. David McDermott-Fox, professor of counseling at a Southern state university and an eminent psychologist. "These areas bring erotic, or sexual enjoyment and are known as erogenous zones. Among the most obvious of these regions is the genital area, the breasts, and the nipples."

To a lot of girls, the breasts are an important erogenous zone. In fact, some girls are able to reach a climax with little other stimulation than that applied to their breasts and nipples.

When it comes to stimulation of a female's breasts, a man should remember that the nipples are more important than the size or shape of the breasts. The nipple is the most sensitive part of the breasts, and it's

The nipples of many women react much like a clitoris when they are manipulated by men.

only natural that both partners can become more sexually excited by the man sucking the nipples than by the man merely squeezing and fondling the breasts. The nipple is as sensitive sexually to the girl as her clitoris. As the nipple is sucked into the man's mouth and stimulated by his tongue, many girls are able to have more than one orgasm.

Naturally, the girl with the largest nipples will enjoy breast stimulation more than the girl with smaller nipples. The longer they are, the more sensitive area there is for the man to suck, lick, kiss and tease with his mouth, tongue and lips. Prior to sucking the nipples, a man should arouse them to a firm state of erection between his thumb and forefinger, then he can stimulate the girl further by taking the palm of his hand and in a circular motion on the tip of the nipple cause great excitement in the girl.

"A recurring complaint of many men who have consulted me," said Dr. Jane Calder, psychologist, "is their inability to excite a woman by stimulating her breasts. Yet we know that most women are capable, both physically and psychologically, of breast stimulation."

"I would say that most men's biggest problem is that they always want to rush things," said Donna, a divorced secretary of 24, now living in San Francisco. "I've *got* to have my breasts stimulated before I respond. If they're stimulated properly, I'll get a beautiful, tingly feeling and then it just keeps on building until I get so excited that I can make sex groovy for both of us.

"Men are always too much in a hurry when it comes to sex. Say I meet a man in a bar and we talk for a while, then he suggests we go somewhere else. I leave with him and in his car, he kisses me. I'm ready for this stage of sexual activity now, because he's set me up for it by talking to me first in the bar. But if we didn't talk first . . . if he just up and kissed me, I wouldn't have been ready for it and it wouldn't turn me on.

"Now, continuing the example, let's say that he grabbed my boobs as soon as we got into the car. That would've turned me off. But if we kiss a while, my excitement will build. Then I want something more than kissing. And that's how I turn on to the *idea* of having my breasts stimulated.

"I think my all-time favorite technique is to have a man press both my breasts against each other, then lick both nipples at the same time. And there's no question about the wildest sensation I've ever had in breast stimulation. It's having a lover place a scoop of ice cream on my boobs, then lick it up.

"I love to have a man experiment at stimulating my breasts. And knowing myself as I do, it always pays big dividends if the guy does it right."

From the beginning of time, men have looked at, felt, measured, sculpted, photographed and worshipped women's breasts. In days of old, all men sucked them from the day they were born, and today most men are drawn to them for the rest of their lives. Breasts are beautiful, and men should never let women forget it.

Women are as hung up about the size and shape of their breasts as men are about their penises. Unlike penises, however, female breast sensations can vary. Some breasts are completely incapable of sensation, while some are so responsive that stimulation can create clitoral orgasm. There are cases on record of women having frequent orgasms while nursing their babies. Despite these massive individual differences, women are unanimous on one point: They don't like their breasts to be handled roughly.

"There are a depressing number of men who are breasts-grabbers, squeezers and biters," said Cynthia, a well-endowed brunette in San Diego. "But women have as much fear of being injured in their breasts as men do of being kicked in the balls. Men ought to learn how to proceed gently and slowly when they do their breast work."

Men should always take special care in stimulating a girl's breasts during and before menstruation, when the breasts are slightly enlarged and more likely to be ultra-sensitive to strong stroking or sucking. Some girls' breasts are so tender at this time of the month that they can't stand caressing at all.

But there are times, during the height of passion particularly, when a man can handle a girl's breasts more firmly. Not roughly—*firmly*. Slightly pinching the nipples at this point can be a welcome and lusty sexual byplay, but a man should use common sense. While a slight momentary pinch can be a turn-on, too much pressure will hurt her and detract from the lovemaking mood.

That there are some men who understand the importance of breast stimulation is evidenced even in motion pictures today. In master filmmaker Françis Truffaut's *Bed and Board,* a French businessman informs a sexy secretary after fondling her boobs: "Watch out, doll. I like

Because of their great sensitivity, women's breasts should not be overlooked by men during sexual congress. Proper stimulation of the breasts can help a woman achieve orgasm much quicker and allow her to more fully experience all the possible nuances of sex play.

cream puffs!" then confesses: "If I had breasts, I'd fondle them all day!"

In the off-Broadway musical spoof, *Stag Movie,* there is a scene in which an actor requests that the director keep his camera off his face during the shooting of the porno flick. "Don't worry," assures the director, "in pornos nobody gives a shit for your face. Just grab the girl's tits and hold on!"

There are several techniques when it comes to breast stimulation that every man should know about.

Hand Stimulation of the Breasts:

1. Gently stroke the entire breast with your fingertips.
2. Gently stroke the entire breast with your fingernails.
3. *Very* gently run your fingers and palm over one nipple. Pressure must be extremely delicate, and no other portion of the breast should be touched.
4. Take one nipple between thumb and forefinger; gently but firmly rotate.
5. While the woman is kneeling over you, her breasts hanging down, vigorously pinch the lower portion of both. (Variation: slap both. Warning—not every woman will dig it.)

Oral Stimulation of the Breasts:

If a woman's breasts are sensitive to manual stimulation, they almost invariably will be even more sensitive to oral stimulation. (For the record, girls, men's breasts also respond to oral and manual stimulation. Don't be afraid to try.)

1. Gently kiss and lick the entire surface of the breast, with special attention to the nipple.
2. Gently rake your teeth across the nipple.
3. Gently bite the pendulous portion of the breast.
4. Take one nipple and pendulous portion of the breast into your mouth. Flick your tongue across the nipple, or vigorously move your tongue in a circular pattern around it.
5. Drawing your lips over your teeth, stimulate the nipple and pendulous portion of the breast with biting-like movements.
6. Take as much of the breast as possible into your mouth and suck on it vigorously.
7. Bury your face between both breasts. Lick, kiss, bite or otherwise stimulate them alternately while you press them against your face.

All of the above techniques can, if you feel particularly dextrous, be performed on one breast while the other is being stimulated manually, or an be performed on both breasts alternately while your hands are stimulating other erogenous zones.

Most girls claim that men usually take their time during their first couple of dates with a girl—especially if they haven't had intercourse with her. But once they've become used to her, they take for granted that she'll want to do whatever *they* want to do, so they forget about breast stimulation and everything else. They'll quickly kiss her a couple of times, then they'll hold her breasts and squeeze them a couple of times, then they go for her Grand Canyon.

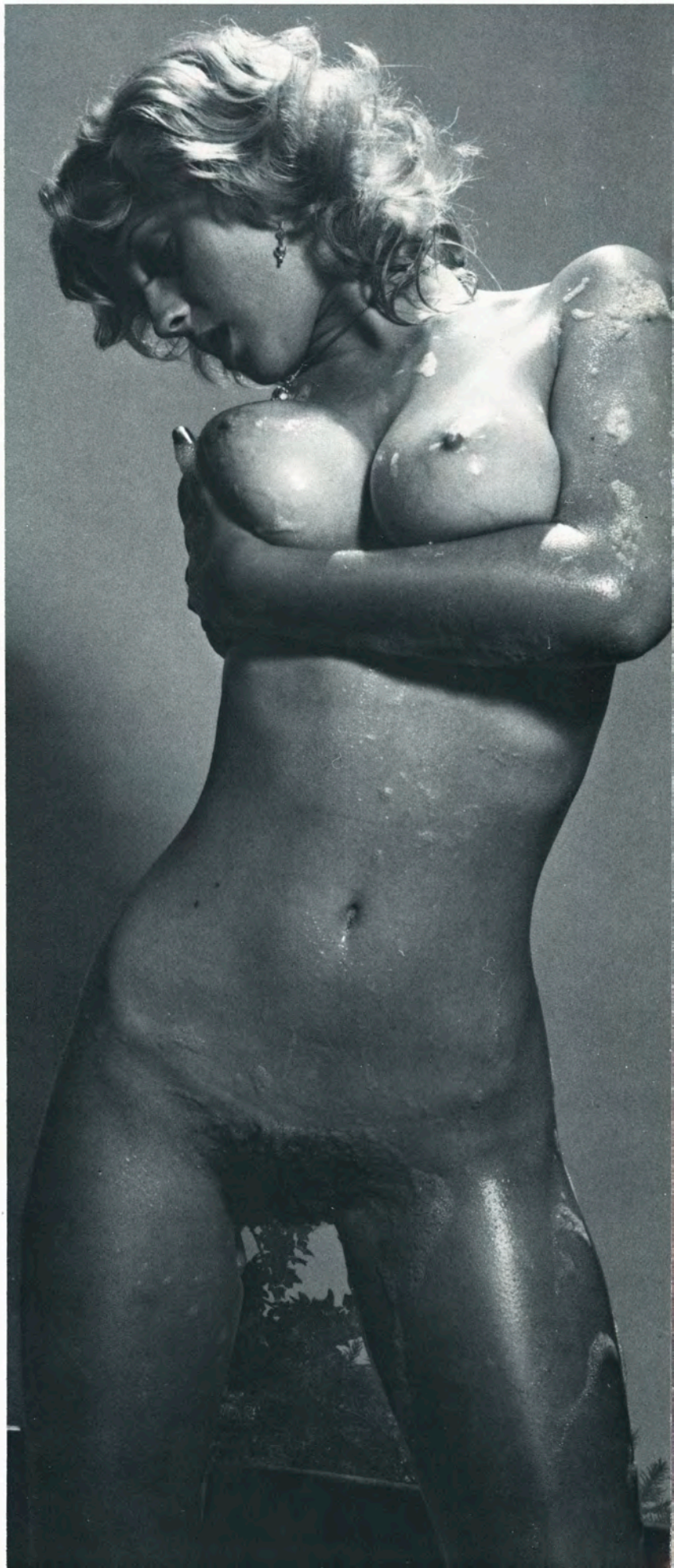
The best way to tell if breast stimulation turns a girl on is for a man to experiment. Don't rush things. Spend plenty of time kissing the girl on the mouth, and her response will let you know if she wants you to go further. Then, when you do stimulate her breasts, try one or all of the techniques suggested above. You'll be able to tell which one really turns her on. She'll let you know, either by words or actions.

A man should spend at least 10 to 20 minutes in breast stimulation before sexual intercourse. Even if you're hotter than the proverbial pistol, you'll be amazed at the sexual response you get from the girl when you finally do have sex. Besides, experimenting with a girl's breasts can be a lot of fun. As one man put it: "A girl's tits might not be everything, but look at all the things they are!"

●●●

TWINS IN A TUB

Tillie's twins are at times a bit too much for her to handle, so she'll often ask a date to give her a hand with them in the tub. She's never been turned down by any guy, for the dudes really dig bathing the pair in a lather of their own making!



A Ball in Pam's Pocket

Although she's no hustler, Pam knows how to take a guy on in a way that'll make him drop his whole wad only minutes after she starts to play with him. But she's not unbeatable, for a dude who really knows how to handle his stick can make a big sucker out of her by just popping one ball after another into her pocket!

Freckled Fall Out

Some men get so turned on by Audra's freckled boobs that she has trouble in handling them and keeping them from shooting off at the mouth with their highly excitable ejaculatory compliments!

LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT

LETTERS

The pleasure this gal shows in flashing her boobs is what turns on one reader from Oregon.

FLASH FAN

I am a devoted reader of BLOCK BUSTERS and all your other fine tit magazines such as KINGSIZE, etc. The thing that really turns me on, besides all those wonderful tits, is the thought that there are so many girls willing to model and expose their all to a photographer. I am positive that their motives must be more than just the modeling fee they earn. From the smiles on their faces, I think that they must derive great pleasure from flashing in the open all the intimate parts of their lovely bodies. Is this so? I would like it very much if some of the big busted beauties you feature would tell what they feel like when they strip for your photographers. Do they get excited when their huge breasts are bared and swinging free in the studio or wherever you take your pictures? I think so. I plan in the future to buy a camera and try and talk big titted girls into posing for me. I would not make them do anything indecent, I would just ask them to open their blouses or raise their sweaters and spill out those gorgeous tits out into the open so that I could take their pictures. If I succeed, and if they are willing, I could mail you the resulting pictures. It is really wonderful that there are so many girls around today who are not prudish about exhibiting themselves in the raw. Keep up the good work and keep us supplied with lots of new faces and huge boobs.

J. C.

Eugene, Oregon

TIT GUARD

You editors do a very fine job of

showing us what kind of fantastic tits exist throughout the world. You also give us some interesting insights into the tit-man's world in your articles. But there is one thing that I really miss in your magazines, and perhaps you should have a doctor, or maybe just a big breasted woman do an article for you on this subject that I miss. To be specific, I miss reading about the tender loving care that tits need when they are of a large size.

I don't mean just the crap about wearing bras with good support. Even a bra will not protect a big boob from abuse if the owner is careless. I shall give some examples:

Horseback riding, for instance, is a definite no-no for big breasted girls. While they may get their cookies off rubbing their little pussies on a horse bare back, or while trotting in a saddle, the bouncing that their tits get will make them stretch before their time. Here in the southwest where I live, seems almost every girl is on a horse. It's a big fad, but it is doing irreparable damage to countless tits. I may like looking at some teenaged bust queen trot by with her melons bouncing, but it saddens me to think that a few years of this will leave them dangling around her waist. Please warn big breasted girls to stay off horses. If that's how they get off, tell them to try boys. Their breasts will last longer.

The same goes for jogging. No girl with big boobs should jog or run around. It's just too much of a strain on the muscles holding up their tits. Get me? If you can get an article like that together, maybe we'll be able to do something for the health of the nation and for big tit conservation.
A. D.
Scottsdale, Arizona

One big boob fanatic warns that horseback riding is damaging to really well stacked gals.

BREAST CALL

I am a thirty-year-old housewife, breast size 38C, and I love your magazines. Makes me feel one with my sisters out there with large upper decks. But I want to share something with your readers. I have a boob freak that calls me on the telephone! I don't know who he is, but he sure knows what I look like, especially my breasts. That's all he talks about. I don't know if his calls can be called obscene, because I think those kind of calls are full of dirty talk about sex. My caller just talks about my boobs. For hours! And he talks very softly about the nice things he would like to do to them. He sounds so gentle, that when he once asked me over the phone to take off my bra and describe them, I did it! In fact, I got excited doing it!

I don't know if this makes me weird, but now every time my husband goes off to work, I just wait for my friend to call me. We'll talk for hours about my tits, and he will ask me to take them out and play with them. I do everything he tells me, and he is sure full of all kinds of surprises! I mean, I would never think of some of the things he asks me to do with them, like put honey on the nipples and then lick it off.

At first all this was just a little exciting, but as time went on, I really began to dig it. To tell the truth, I began to play with myself while the guy talked to me. It got to the point that I would have several orgasms while he talked about how fantastic my boobs were! He has never admitted to it, but I think he must do it on the other end of the line, too. Several times I heard him gasp and be quiet for a while after I did some hot things he asked me to to my nipples. I feel a little guilty about all this, but in the end I think it's harmless. I wonder how many other men or women who read your magazine have similar experiences?
J. K.
Ogden, Utah

A MILKMAN'S ROUTE

Violet's place is never passed by when her milkman makes his rounds. He knows how impatiently she waits every morning for him to make his daily delivery of cream so he always comes early with a full load!

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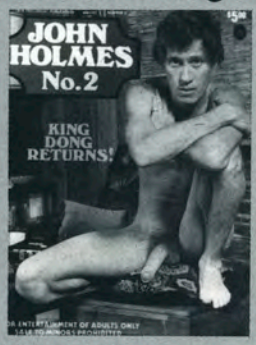

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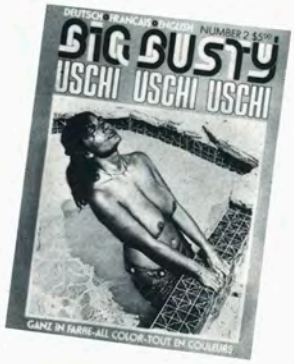

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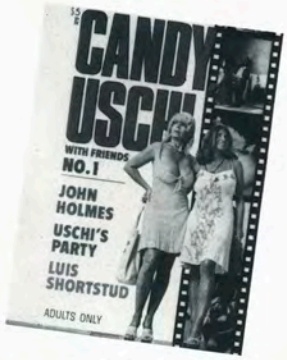

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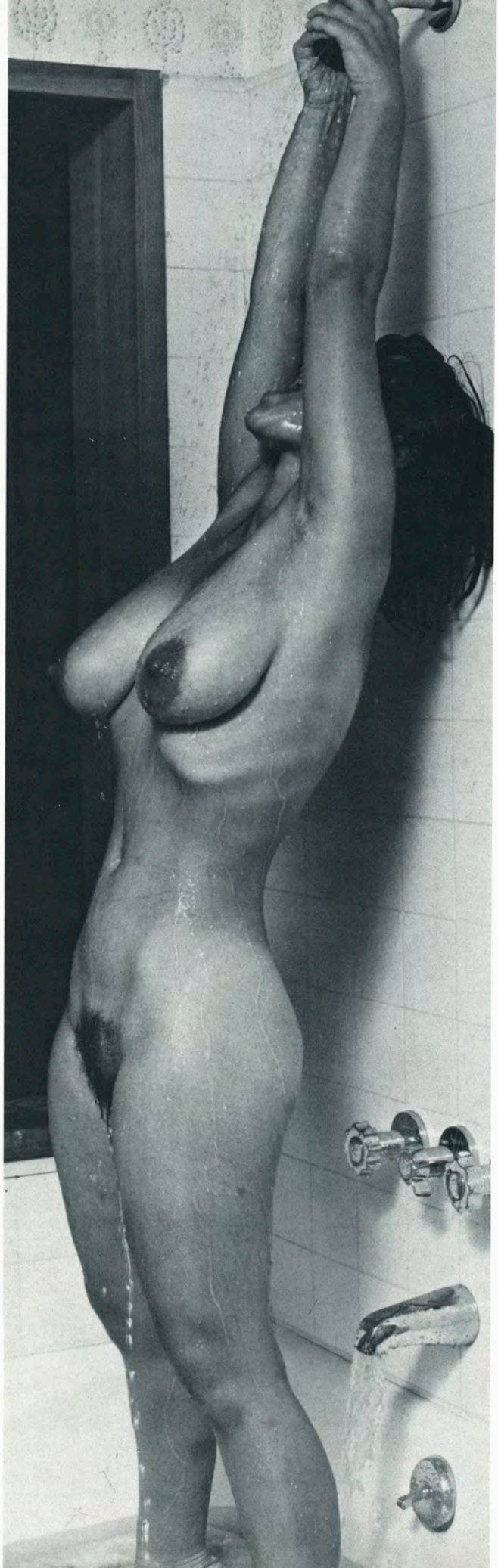
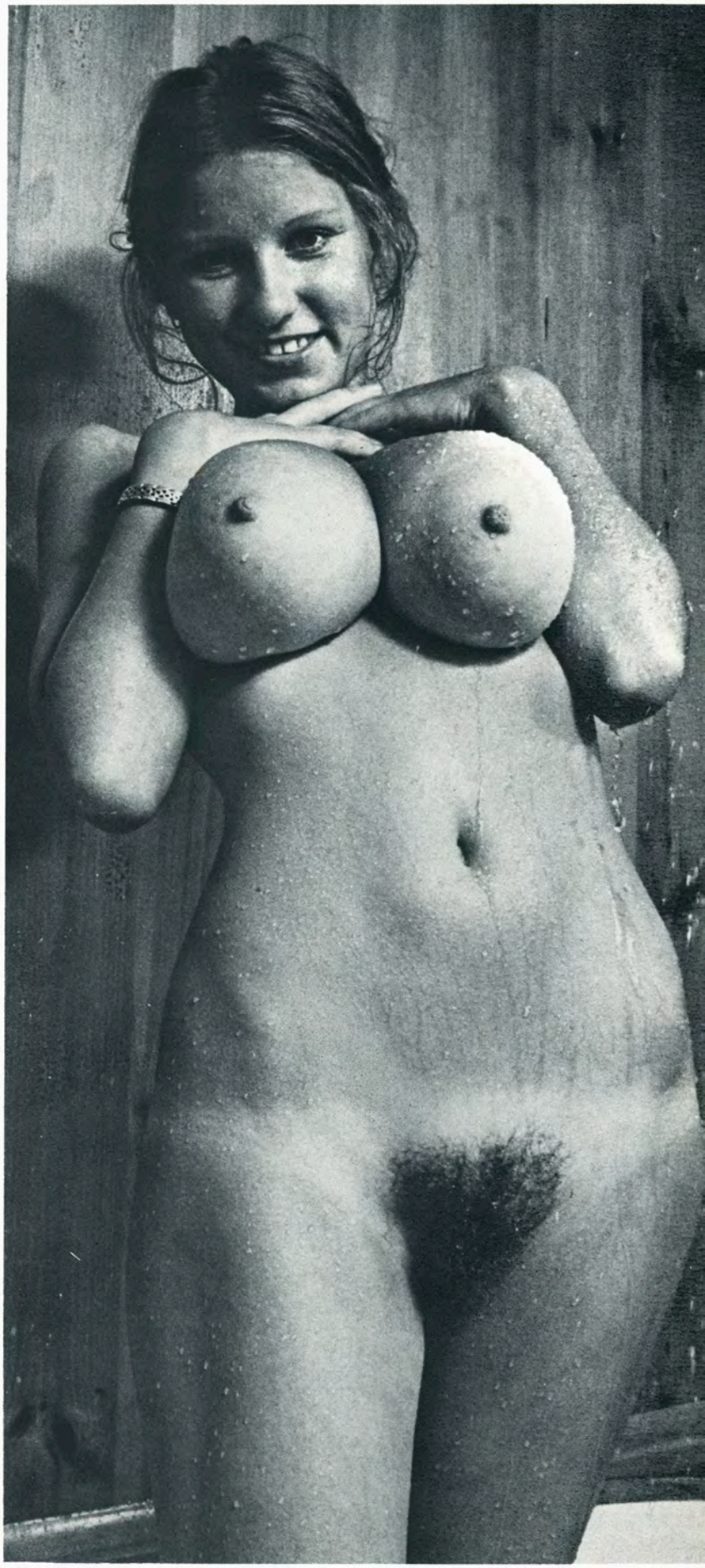
Swabbing the Upper Deck

Karla, the heavy with the heavenly pair above, is a chick who really knows how to take a man to her bosom. If a guy knows how to tickle her fancy, she'll respond by cuddling him to her breast in a way guaranteed to soften even the hardest he-man type!





A Clean Wise Crack

Mona has a reputation for having a wise crack ready for any occasion, but it is always a clean one and in very good taste. Nevertheless, a crack from her can wilt the most uppity dude!